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# The Critic

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# The Critic

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

ESTABLISHED 1881 BY J. L. & J. B. GILDER

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# The Critic

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## A Book and its Story

LITERATURE AND THE MODERN PULPIT

THE OLD TESTAMENT prophets seem to be becoming quite popular of late. Possibly because they are the farthest off. A recent addition to the long list of studies in this field—a book by Stopford Brooke—comes to us under the somewhat forbidding title of "The Old Testament and Modern Times" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The reader, however, who suspects any grim connection that might be made between these ancient denunciations and his own delightfully modern life, will soon be set at rest by this most graceful series of essays on the terrible and strenuous times with which Mr. Brooke has chosen to deal. The high-born comfortableness that seems to suffuse the sermons of clergymen warming their hands to-day at the old prophetic fires will not be found lacking in these discourses of Mr. Brooke, while it lends, at the same time, an unlooked-for humor to what would otherwise be merely bland and placid studies of the most awful earnestness that has visited the human heart.

Whether it is the ghost of a long deceased Calvinism that rises within us, or just a plain, every-day weariness with the agreeableness of the present-day pulpit, it would be hard to say, but we are ready to admit a prejudice of long standing against unprophetic sermons on prophets; and we confess that the wan face of Jeremiah haunts us a little wistfully at times, that year after year we have gone from church to church looking into the sleek faces of parsons for the old gathering eagerness there. But Mr. Brooke is a graceful writer. He has ideas, and his work is full of intimation, and it is not in any eminent degree his own peculiar fault, if the pulpit custom of telling what a bad thing is, to get rid of it, finds another illustration in his work.

One who has dared the exposure of being before the public as a literary man and a preacher both, constitutes in his own mind and character a most interesting and authoritative criticism, so far as he goes, of the two callings to which he belongs. The fact that an interpreter of Tennyson, who neither in the literary nor the religious sense would be accused of cant, seems to lose so markedly in intellectual dignity and spiritual power the moment he begins to preach, is not without grave significance in its bearing upon our current life. That the pulpit should prove by any innate necessity a moral inconvenience, a kind of spiritual device in which a preacher, once securely fastened, will seem smaller than he really is, we are not ready to admit. With all its unparalleled opportunity for sublime and beautiful themes that almost of their mighty selves would lift a man away from the daily routine of his spirit and touch him with the passing dignity of God, there must be some reason, either in the man himself, or in the conditions under which he speaks, that would account for such an unholy miracle as an uninteresting sermon or a prayerless prayer.

We are inclined to the opinion that the curious shifting from power to feebleness in the book that lies before us will be found to follow quite closely the oscillation in the writer's mind between the principles that are supposed to govern the construction of sermons and the principles that govern the construction of books. So long as in the sincerer beautiful sense, Mr. Brooke is an artist—so long as he allows himself to be dominated by his theme, he has power; but the moment

he ceases to be an artist, the moment he is dominated by his audience, he ceases to be significant, or even interesting. The way that Sunday has of coming once in seven days whether or no, the sense of spiritual dead-lift, the indefinable atmosphere of having been driven into helpfulness, of straining to be above one's self, which all church-goers recognize as a part of the sermon sensation—these are not to be overlooked in criticising the product of a minister's life. They serve to illustrate the enormous handicap under which he labors in purely literary work. The timorousness of the pulpit with ideas, its almost universal fear of taking anything for granted—of not saying it as a way of making it felt—its mistaken conception that the sermon must be domineered by the dullest mind in the church, these things go far to account for the momentum of moralizing, the habit of being dogged by a congregation, which seems to make it so difficult for a preacher to gain that freedom of feeling in literature, that swing outward into himself, which is the inevitable condition of power.

When a man has paid his money down, has brought a book jealously home to read it in the private little sanctum of his thoughts—who shall blame him for wanting his author by himself?—or for finding fault when he is made to jostle with a crowd, or for having a grudge against an audience that is always getting in its pastor's way? Like some great amorphous dulness, it seems to stand at the turn of every page in this volume of Mr. Brooke's. It lures him from the straight and narrow path of thought into winding platitude. Once started on the inclined plane, that leads his congregation gently down—precept upon precept—to what they expect, he seems to feel obliged—huddling infinite applications about his text—to end at last in the inevitable exhortation—so powerful to omit.

Are men so ignorant when they go to church? And if they are, why does Mr. Brooke expose them to the reading public? We suspect that the element of suggestion—which is at once the essence of art and the distinctive characteristic of the homiletics of Jesus—will prove absolutely essential to the modern sermon, if it is to continue its tradition in the human heart. The principle of suspense, the instinctive use of mystery which characterizes, both in life and in the representation of life, all that ever interests and holds the minds of men, from the penny novel to the ways of God, cannot longer be omitted, without fatal effects, from the discourses of clergymen. The present situation is not without the most obvious signs that any continued attempt to take advantage of the conscientious habit of church-going, to keep the sermon an exception to the rules of psychology and the laws of attention, will result in the transfer of the real spiritual power of the world to some other form of expression. It will, at least, confine the habit of church-going to those feeble and ineffective souls that are only capable of being interested in what they expect, or capable of being helped by what they knew before they came.

If the pulpit is to continue to be contagious and inspiring, endlessly associative with the lives of men, if it is to overcome the air of complacent imperviousness which is wont to gather upon a congregation when it adjusts itself to listen to the Word of God, it will only be by a most deliberate effort on the part of our ministry to absorb the spirit of the imagination, to learn the vision habit that belongs to the prophet's life. Only by conceiving the life of Jesus and the ways of the universe with the mystery and the reverence,



the sublime surprise, the infinite unexpectedness that must always be recognized as the tokens of God's being with us at all, shall human words bring to us the realness of the unseen world in which we walk. These qualities are lacking in the preaching of to-day, because of two great sources of darkness—the permanent one of sin, and the transient one of a false homiletics, which has not yet had the humanity, the spiritual insight, the moral courage, the theological liberty to submit the sermon to the laws of literature which are the laws of prophecy and life.

The time is coming when it will be recognized that moralizing in a sermon is immoral. The grace which we have already attained, of impatience with it, is the unconscious testimony of the human spirit to the general principle that the didactic use of moral philosophy in the pulpit is a failure on the part of the preacher to conceive intensely what the moral is. When, after the first twenty minutes, the poor misguided disembodied thought, long since, as was fondly supposed, accorded a decent burial, comes wandering back like the shade of the subject; when it appears before the audience again and again like the Ghost in "Hamlet"—saying "Remember me! Remember me!"—it is fair to infer that the pointing of a moral is really an attempt to find one to point, a confession of not having found it, a proof of the spiritual work that has been left undone; as feeble in a sermon as it is in a novel. Religion is always at its worst in talking about itself. Divinely unutterable, it was meant to be either wrought into life, or embodied in art—a fact the infinite challenge of which faces the preacher forever as he walks, a humble servant, in an impossible calling, under the mysteries of God. The way the Spirit has of protecting itself, of keeping its eternal holiness by a silence which has belonged to it from the beginning of the world, has yet to be realized in the bustle of assertion that we hear around us. The pulpit will have power when the sense of the unspeakable shall be its benediction; when sermons cease to interrupt it, when the irreverence of saying what cannot be said shall have passed from the lips of men.

G. S. L.

## Literature

### "Meissonier: His Life and His Art"

By Vallery C. O. Gréard. Trans. from the French by Lady Mary Loyd and Miss Florence Simmonds. Illustrated. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THIS MAGNIFICENT volume by the Vice-Rector of the Academy of Paris consists in nearly equal shares of M. Gréard's biography and a far more interesting collection of extracts from the artist's notebooks, giving his impressions of art and artists, and of matters but slightly connected with either. These notes show the great painter to have been also something of a thinker, a sincerely religious man, and capable of appreciating many forms of art very unlike his own. His early desire, indeed, to which he returned in his later years, was to become a religious painter; but the artist Chenavard gave a new turn to his ambition, by asking him if he expected to do better than Raphael, and praising highly a drawing of a violoncello player, which, he said, showed where lay the particular talent of his young friend. Meissonier's first work, as is well known, was in book illustration, and the small scale and minute execution then required in work of that sort may, also, have had much to do with the formation of his manner as a painter. The most famous of these early books are the "Paul et Virginie," for the drawings to which he went to study exotics at the Jardin des Plantes, and the "Contes Rémois," a mediocre collection of tales in verse on the model of the "Contes" of Lafontaine. In relation to the latter work he says that he always tried to find something to illustrate apart from the leading incident of the story, and he certainly succeeded;

for never was a book illustrated with drawings so entirely out of character with the text.

Nevertheless, they have made the book famous; and if it is ever read now, it is owing to the engravings. M. Gréard gives a full list of the books illustrated by Meissonier in these early years; and it is a much longer one than most collectors are aware of. It was his interest in romanticism that directed the artist to choose his subjects from among the picturesquely costumed and surrounded personages of the past. When quite young he devoured Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny, and used to spend hours in reverie in the little church of Thiais, listening to the organ music and gazing at the painted windows. But he always disliked the modern costume, which appeared to him both ugly and ridiculous. His passion for costume, for its expressiveness and beauty, has given an individual interest to every one of the host of "Readers" and "Smokers" that he has painted. His feeling for the past was much more like Gautier's than Hugo's. It is a pity that "Le Capitaine Fracasse" is not numbered among the books illustrated by him.

It was the Italian campaign of Napoleon III that turned his attention to the career of the first Napoleon. He was invited by the Emperor to illustrate the war. "Melancholy sight!" he said of the victory of Solferino: he never wanted to see actual war again. But as he followed the great Emperor's career, he became an ardent admirer of his genius; so much so that, perhaps, his interest in his subject sometimes overcame his interest in his art—always a perilous matter for an artist. He had a scheme for a national gallery of historical paintings, which should show in what way the man of the past, laborer, soldier and citizen, had become the man of our day. He was as much a hero-worshipper as was Carlyle, and was constantly deploring the smallness of the men of the day in France. Still he was a republican, and deeply interested in the movement of affairs after the Franco-Prussian war. His notes on authors whom he had read, and some of whom he knew, are always interesting, and sometimes just. He pitied millionaires because they were "swallowed up by their money." At bottom he was something of a mystic, and could find it possible to believe in all religions, and even in all mythologies. He placed intensity of expression far above perfection of execution, and admired Giotto much more than the Venetians, compared him with Rembrandt, and found him the more modern of the two. As for Raphael, he was not original, but a distiller of the essence of the works of other men. It was a grief to him that it was not possible to buy Rembrandt's "Gilder" for the Louvre. Correggio, Delacroix and Michael Angelo were among his favorites. Of contemporary artists he admired equally Vollon and Millet. Ingres had no imagination, but was an admirable student of nature. He was opposed to annual exhibitions, because it was difficult enough to fill a triennial exhibition with good work. "The special stupidity of our young artists is that they cannot condense what they see so as to make a picture." "For years," he says, "we have gone up and down the country, without marking the peasant at his toil. Then Millet comes, and shows us the poor beast of burden, riveted to the soil by ceaseless, merciless labor, and the sight enters into our very hearts. It was the same with landscape."

Of the very numerous illustrations a large number are excellent photogravures reproducing some of the artist's most famous pictures. Among them is his "Expectation," the picture of a cavalier looking through his half opened shutter, his sword and a flask of wine on the table, which is in the Luxembourg; "The Reading at Diderot's"; "The Sergeant's Portrait"; "1814"; the striking allegory of "Paris in the Siege"; "The Confidence"; and the painting of "La Rixe," which is owned by Queen Victoria. There are a great many reproductions in the text, not only of paintings, but of drawings, sketches and wax models; and the book, as a whole, is a worthy monument to Meissonier's genius.



"The Beginners of a Nation"

By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is the first volume of "A History of Life in the United States." The emphasis is upon the word "life"; for, from what we have already read of the author's writings—not editorial or in fiction, but on the conditions of growth of American colonies,—we are led to expect a story of true evolution. The impertinences and excrescences which so often disfigure the work of historiographers, rendering it false, distorted, or unreadable, are to be reduced of necessity to a minimum in this history of the United States. It will be the life of the people who conquered the fairest part of the North American continent. This volume treats of "the source and rise of the earliest English settlement in America, with special reference to the life and character of the people." Dr. Eggleston is thoroughly English in his view. With all his splendid abilities, he has the limitations of those who write English and American history as if England were the centre of the earth, in which all things began. His idea of the "beginners" of this nation is, that they were English, and English only. When shall we be delivered from the bondage of this notion?

The author inquires into the English knowledge of America at the period of settlement, showing how credulity and the romantic blended together in the character of the English people. Very grotesque and misleading were many of the glimpses which they got of the New World. History and romance were slow in separating, and it was long before the mist of ignorance was lifted. Generally speaking, the sixteenth century ignored America, and considered it chiefly as an obstacle in the way of reaching India and China. Not only Columbus, but the Cabots, Henry Hudson and the long procession of navigators, tried to drive their ships clear through this continent to get out on the other side. Cupidity, patriotic feeling and religious zeal persuaded colonists to tarry a little while upon American soil. Strange as it now seems, Spain, wealthy and gigantic, was the chief impelling cause for the settlement of America. Jealousy of that mighty power, the desire to clip the wings that overshadowed the world and, if possible, to give her a thrust in the vitals, led to Dutch and English exploration and colonization. Then, they wished to get Spain's gold and silver. Even in the James River experiment, the gold-mines were sought for at once, but were gradually located further and further westward, until, perhaps at the right time, they were found in California by Cornish miners.

The Puritan migration is treated of in Book II. of the volume. Perhaps we ought not to expect this work to be one of origins, or of questions in history beyond the localities of English-speaking people; but, when we find the rise and development of Puritanism and of Separatism (the Pilgrims) treated with scarcely a reference to the great Anabaptist, Lutheran and Calvinistic movements on the Continent, we wonder whether American history has anything to do with the rest of the world. True, the English exiles of the Marian persecution who lived at Zürich, Geneva and other places—not to say Emden, perhaps the most influential of all, which is not mentioned—are referred to as the fathers of those differences which grew into the two great parties of English Protestantism. The Pilgrim migrations and the great Puritan exodus are luminously treated, and in a way that concentrates attention upon motives, thoughts, character and life. Hence it is that in Dr. Eggleston's book these people have the moving force, the glow, the reality, the nearness, of characters in a novel. The author's long experience with both the unreal as well as the real world, comes handsomely into play.

In Book III. he treats of the centrifugal forces in colony planting. Very full and clear are the pictures of Lord Baltimore and the way in which toleration became one of his virtues—as a necessity for success. When Cecilus Calvert sent his ships under the command of the Dutch admiral Van Bibber, he

gave positive instructions that the rites of the Roman Catholic religion should be performed with as much privacy as possible, so as not to offend the Protestant passengers. But "as a Catholic colony it [Maryland] was a failure." Nevertheless, the "necessary hypocrisy" of the ambiguous charter of Maryland served to protect the few Catholics that remained during the whole colonial period, to give the abundant Quakers a good home, and to harbor a good many militant Puritans who made things as hot as possible for the "men of Babylon." What a blessed arrangement it was, that somehow or other, possibly even by Providence, the Quakers and Dutchmen were interposed between the war-loving Puritans of New England and the gay gentlemen of Virginia. Dr. Eggleston's presentation of Roger Williams is on the whole, we think, the best picture we know of the prophet of religious freedom and the settlement of Rhode Island. Between Dexter and Straus, here is the picture whose colors are not likely to fade. They show a man thoroughly in love with abstract principles and burning to enjoy the prophet's rewards—whether in fire and translation, or in seeing the kingdom come.

Dr. Eggleston finds in the character and the standards of the age real and sufficient extenuation for the conduct of Massachusetts in exiling or "enlarging" Roger Williams into Rhode Island—"the land of crooked sticks." When, however, he says that "nobody of weight or respectable standing had befriended" religious liberty (page 298), and goes on sweepingly to say that "all of the great authorities in church and state agreed in their detestation of it," some of us remember the great Stadtholder William, who definitely, and in words public to all, not only tolerated, but gave liberty to, Anabaptists and Roman Catholics. To say that the "Catholics and Arminians were excluded" from freedom of worship and conscience (*ibid.*), is simply not in accordance with fact. Both Catholicism and Arminianism were something more than religious opinions; they were armed forces. Catholicism was a militant power represented by great rulers, relentless haters of Protestantism, and backed by the finest armies in Europe. Yet, not "at Amsterdam and in some other parts of the Low Countries," but all over the Dutch Republic, Catholics had absolute freedom inside their dwellings and their churches, though they were not allowed street processions or the display of public symbols of the Church which was then employing Spaniards and mercenaries to crush the little Protestant republic. As for Arminianism, it was as much a political as a theological force until curbed, first by the national Synod of Dort, and next by the sword of Maurice of Orange. It had its forts and its soldiers in the two richest provinces of the Republic, Holland and Utrecht, ready to take up arms as surely as did the Southern Confederacy in March, 1861. But the toleration was vastly more than "that practical amelioration of law which is produced more effectually by commerce than by learning or religion." It was based on law and treaty. The concluding chapter shows why Massachusetts was not a pleasant place to live in for Puritans who had tasted the sweets of liberty in the Netherlands, where, as Bradford tells us, the consciences of men were free and kings and prelates were not.

Of the literary merit of Dr. Eggleston's work it would be hard to speak too highly. His method is judicious, and there are no flights of after-dinner rhetoric, nor specimens of the American species of ancestor-worship. One likes to read this book through at a sitting or two; yet there is continual evidence, in the notes and references, which fortunately do not cumber and roughen the text, and in the extracts from history called "elucidations," which are printed at the end of each chapter, that this is, indeed, the hard writing that makes easy reading. Dr. Eggleston has well begun his monumental undertaking. May he bring it to completion to his own enduring glory, and that of American scholarship and letters.

## Miss Thomas's New Poems

*A Winter Swallow, with Other Verse.* By Edith M. Thomas. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A NEW VOLUME of poems by Miss Thomas is ever sure of a hearty and sincere welcome from those who love verse that is imaginative in its conception and finished in its art, and her latest book brings pleasant surprises to us in the shape of two long poems whose excellence makes it necessary for us to credit her with new gifts from the Muse. The first of these gives to the collection its title and tells in dramatic form the story of Cleombrotus and his wife, Chelonis, the daughter of the Spartan king, Leonidas. The scene is in the Temple of Poseidon, where Cleombrotus has taken refuge, Leonidas being restored to the throne. Chelonis, who had remained with her father during his exile, comes now to him to intercede for her husband, upon whom the king is about to pronounce sentence. Miss Thomas has succeeded in getting the most out of this dramatic incident and has done so in admirable blank verse. It would, however, be quite impossible, in making quotations, to give more than a hint of the charm and beauty of the poem.

For the second of her long poems, Miss Thomas has chosen the Italian story of "Ginevra of the Amieri," which she tells in a series of forty-five stanzas on the "Eve of St. Agnes" model. Much as we like "A Winter Swallow," we must confess to liking this poem better, and we feel confident that her readers will agree with us that the poet has here a subject for the treatment of which her gifts have always seemed to fit her. The exigencies of blank-verse are many and exceeding difficult, and, while the quality of that in "A Winter Swallow" is, as we have said, admirable, it falls short of that very marked and even beauty which is so characteristic of Miss Thomas's lyrical verse. We copy here the first two stanzas of "Ginevra," not so much to show the matter, but rather the manner, of the poem. The echo of a master-voice may be heard faintly, but it does not make us like the voice of his pupil any the less:—

"How fair the lily of the Tuscan field,  
In gardens of the Arno-side how fair!  
It blooms forever on Firenze's shield;  
Her very paving-stones its image bear,  
Her lamp that swings above the mouldering stair,  
Her glistening wefts from many an antique loom;  
The symbol in their hearts her people wear.  
Pure white its leaves: within, a golden gloom,  
Like sunny treasure in a sunken marble room.

Ay, like the treasure of a marble tomb.—  
Go with me down the long, long years, secure,  
And I will bring you where in silence bloom  
Pure lilies gathered for a soul as pure,  
Asleep for sorrow that no skill might cure.  
In the dim crypt, dissolved in night, they lie,  
Save as one errant moonbeam, all unsure,  
Dropt like a jewel from the far-off sky,  
Descends to kiss a flower-soft cheek and folded eye.

From the shorter poems, of which there are a dozen or more, "Vos non Vobis" is selected:—

"There was a garden planned in Spring's young days,  
Then Summer held it in her bounteous hand;  
And many wandered through its blooming ways;  
But ne'er the one for whom the work was planned.  
And it was vainly done—  
For what are many, if we lack the one?

There was a song that lived within the heart  
Long time—and then on Music's wing it strayed!  
All sing it now, all praise its artless art;  
But ne'er the one for whom the song was made.  
And it was vainly done—  
For what are many, if we lack the one?

A score of sonnets complete this collection. As a sonneteer, Miss Thomas has very few rivals among her fellow-poets; and the examples given here—two entitled "Mother

England" being particularly felicitous—are a worthy addition to those she has already published.

The book is attractively printed and bound, with a cover-design by Miss Margaret Armstrong. It deserves to be a favorite with all who look for new verse—for verse that is poetry.

## "A Book of Scoundrels"

By Charles Whibley. The Macmillan Co.

IT IS with the humor of the funeral coaches that Mr. Charles Whibley presents with loving care his picturesque gallery of finished ruffians under the grim cover of his "Book of Scoundrels." From the "Newgate Calendar" and "The Malefactors' Bloody Register" he has made his "Beauty-Book," has gathered an exotic nosegay of strange and mocking poesy, his "Ascent to Tyburn." Here is a literature technical, moral, and consistent in its absence of conscience, an art with its rules and axioms, a profession with its courtesies and its pride. He has done well in binding together these polished essays, in which, on their appearance in *The National Observer* and elsewhere, the critics affected to find a new mastery of style; and truly, the medium through which to reveal his resources of language, of persiflage and sparkling irony could not have been better chosen. With a deft hand he marks the aristocratic beginnings of the thieving craft, traces it to its latter-day decadence, and laments for the glories of the highway "under Elisabeth, the still greater glory of the Stuarts." And indeed, from Gamaliel Ratsey, who demanded a scene from "Hamlet" from a rifled player, and Thomas Dun, who for the use of his comrades drew up a stringent and stately code of laws; from George Barrow, whose reading was alternately the Bible and "The Newgate Calendar"; from Captain Alexander Smith, the master of pure English in a period of its decay, whose "History of the Bayliffs" is classic in the literature of his own and the bookman's craft; and from George Barrington, the genius of thieves and hero of a triumphant entry into Botany Bay, where, in the leisure hours of his office of High Constable of Paramatta, he wrote his book of travels and plays, wherein we find the famous lines for which he still is remembered:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country's good."

From these it is a far cast to the drunken Jocelin Harwood, who died, shrieking curses at the outraged and hissing audience. Heretofore it has been expected of only great Gallic wits to die breathing a brilliant and well-prepared *mot*; but should Britain blush for her Samuel Shotland, who, taking off his shoes, hurled them at the spectators, and with a leer cried out, "My father and mother often told me I should die with my shoes on: but you may all see that I have made them both liars!" Think, too, of the heroism of the gallows that allowed Tom Austin, just as the noose was fastening about his neck, to call for some of the curds and whey that a woman in the crowd was eating, and to add, "because I don't know when I shall see any again." As for the sentimental side, picture Roderick Audrey at the age of sixteen on his way to the cart, "in a white waistcoat, clean napkin and white gloves and an orange in his hand," the very Grammont of the halter, whose only accomplice had been a singing-bird, which he had trained to flutter through the open windows of wealthy houses, when, on the plea of recovering his playmate, he would carry off such silver as he could conceal.

And these are not the only personages of the collection. There are Dick Turpin, whose glory at last proves to be mythical, and he himself the mere creature of the Gutter-Muse and the Jemmy Catnachs, and Nan Hereford, who was arrested for shoplifting while four footmen and an elegant Sedan-chair awaited her outside the shop. Beside these place Moll Cutpurse, the valiant wielder of the stave, the heroine of Middleton's comedy, the most accomplished of fences and bear-baiting vestals. Here, in effective contrast,



gleam the eyes of Jonathan Wild, the "Machiavel of Thieves," at once the agent of the Government and the outlaw, the fleecer of both, whom only an Act of Parliament brought to the halter; and Gilderoy of Scotland, whose very name is redolent of horror, the "bonny boy" of the plaintive ballads, who devastated England, Scotland and France, who was never known to spare man or woman, and who snatched a purse from Richelieu during high mass, before the eyes of the King, whose hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the discovery that his own pocket had been rifled. There are others—many others—portrayed in this volume, on the preserves of which we must trespass no further. Mr. Whibley has read with good effect the literature of his subject; he has felt with his heroes and heroines, and uses their pithy slang with understanding and effect. In fine, he has produced a work original in its scope and conception, and finished with an elegance and propriety that do great credit to his taste.

#### Mr. Howells's Views

*Impressions and Opinions. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Bros.*

MR. HOWELLS'S new volume of essays is the report of a patient observer of existence concerning a few of the things he has seen and heard during his progress down the years. Such a report, if delivered in sincerity, is always interesting, even when he who writes it is not skilled in the writer's craft; for, if it furnishes no fresh revelation as to the ends of existence, it at least discloses to us the intimate quality of a man's mind. It is hardly necessary to say that in "Impressions and Opinions" will be found notable literary excellences superadded to the personal revelation. To say that Mr. Howells writes well, is as superfluous as to mention that the sky is blue. It is not possible to have any quarrel with the manner of his essays, which in itself is calculated to give the reader an immense amount of enjoyment—as much, at least, as the spirit in which some of them are written will give him pain. In its subjective aspect, the book is a revelation of moods rather than of principles, and the moods which it discloses are at variance with one another.

The volume opens with an affectionate study of "The Country Printer." The article is based upon the writer's early memories of a printing-office on the Western Reserve of Ohio before the war, and, incidentally, does justice to the sturdy qualities of mind and spirit which characterized that New England colony. The sketch is a valuable contribution both to the social history of the region and to the annals of the evolution of journalism. Next follows the "Police Report," first published years ago in *The Atlantic*. It is a record of two mornings spent in a Boston police court. In point of characterization it is a marvellous bit of unflinching realism, but the predominant note is that of a long-suffering, gentle, humorous sympathy with human nature, no matter how degraded its manifestations. This is followed by a humorous bit upon the subject of dreams, and then come four essays which are the result of observation about town in New York, and a paper dealing with the closing of a summer hotel. The articles whose inspiration is New York form an impressive and significant group, but it must be confessed that the adventures of the author's mind in contact with the streets of the metropolis make reading which is depressing in the extreme. Mr. Howells does not love his New York. Given a social reformer without hope: complicate his humanitarian instincts with a strong æsthetic bias: set him down in any large American city, and he will be far from happy. The only place that could possibly hurt him more than New York is Chicago. If he has a fluent pen, he will make other people unhappy, too, but neither their sufferings nor his can be pronounced healthy, for they are purposeless. Mr. Howells sees no remedies for society, and apparently despairs of any. If he were a self-conscious French writer, these four essays would have been grouped by themselves under some title which could be adequately translated into "The Sensations of a Sick Soul," and we should have said:

"This man suffers from *mal du ciel*. He is a victim to the passion for perfection in others. For him, no happiness on this side of Paradise."

In truth, Mr. Howells extracts misery from many things. A Broadway cable-car, a rich woman in a victoria, a poor woman sitting in the park, a beggar in the street, a stretch of vacant lots, the jagged sky-line of Fifth Avenue, all cause him profound wretchedness. He finds the homes of the rich and of the poor almost equally squalid and disheartening, and the spectacle of the man who is eating in a restaurant, visible from the street, is only less melancholy than that of the man who is hungering outside. His nerves have been laid bare, and the slightest stimulus sets them quivering with pain. To the pleasurable stimulus which may also be legitimately derived from the spectacle of the streets, they apparently never respond. The tone of the essays is weary, and would be querulous were it a shade less mild. We miss the cordial, charming sympathy with all the phenomena of life so lavishly displayed in the opening sketches of the volume. The writer has lost heart. He is near the end of his patience with our formula of living. The city is a heavier load than he can carry.

Without doubt, the world is bad, but those who remind us of this fact are bound in justice to tell us that it has been worse, and that most wise men agree that it is getting better. Without doubt, New York has its repulsive aspects, but at least London and Paris are not free from them. Mr. Howells ought to tell us that he is not comparing the American metropolis with other earthly capitals, but rather with the New Jerusalem, the city of God come down out of heaven. But the New Jerusalem is more efficacious to salvation when we think of it as an ideal to be attained, than when we use it as a standard of comparison. The former attitude toward it means hope; the latter, despair. The social reformer who chooses despair for his portion discards at once his armor and his sword, and the artist who makes the same choice of a standpoint is in no better case. On the whole, the reader turns away from Mr. Howells's impressions of our civilization, doubting their insight and sanity. They are too bad to be true, and have, as all such impressions must, a certain malign, narcotic influence, difficult to describe and ill to feel.

#### "The Story of My Life"

*By Augustus J. C. Hare. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THIS IS in some ways a singular, in many ways a most engrossing, autobiography. It is on a large scale, two great volumes, in the familiar black with red lines across it, being devoted to a period of only thirty-six years; for it ends abruptly with the death, in 1870, of the author's adopted mother, without a hint (except a word or two in the preface) that his own life was prolonged beyond that date. Though he quotes for it the phrase "a ponderous biography of nobody," he is still inclined to justify its detail by the view that "it is in the petty details, not in the great results, that the real interest of every existence lies," and he considers that the true picture of a whole life—at least an English life—has never yet been painted. He is so far right that, even for those whose lack of close acquaintance with English things deprives them of the pleasure of meeting familiar names on every other page, there will be a distinct charm in the vivid and minute portraiture of a daily life in many ways so different from that which is lived in this western world; while those who have found Mr. Hare the most delightful of *ciceroni* in their "Walks in Rome" and other places of European pilgrimage, will feel as if they were reading the life of one who is anything but a stranger to them.

He was born in 1834, the son of Francis Hare (the friend of Landor, d'Orsay and Lady Blessington), and consequently nephew of the two brothers whose "Guesses at Truth" were of so much interest to the past generation. The story of his childhood, which is given with the greatest particularity, contains many of the oddest experiences conceivable. To begin with, he was made over, at the age of fourteen months,



absolutely and irrevocably, to his aunt and godmother, the widow of the elder Augustus. Moreover, it fell to his lot to be brought up in an atmosphere of the most rigid Evangelical piety, which assumed forms of incredible torture to the helpless boy, especially at the hands of his aunt Esther, the sister of F. D. Maurice. At Harrow, in spite of severe fagging and bullying, he was fairly happy; but otherwise, through the depressing influences which dominated his home and neutralized his adopted mother's naturally loving disposition, and through the extraordinary deficiencies of the tutors to whom he was sent, his gleams of sunshine were few until he went to Oxford. Here he owed much to the kindness of Jowett, already Fellow of Balliol, about whom, as well as many other Oxford notabilities, a number of delightfully characteristic stories are recorded. In fact, it is, all through, one of the best features of the book that it crystallizes, largely through contemporary letters and journals, a vast amount of tradition, some of it coming from the eighteenth century, which was well worth preserving.

Through his family connections, ramifying into cousinship with many distinguished and well-born people, as well as through his literary attainments, he has been for half a century brought into contact with many of the most interesting personalities both in England and on the Continent, and his reminiscences of them and of the most striking bits of their conversation cannot fail to be read with pleasure. During the later part of the period covered by this book, he was much thrown with his real mother (always designated, to avoid confusion, as "Italima"—a childish corruption of "Italian mamma," which survived childish days) and sister; and through them, after their conversion to Roman Catholicism, with many people of that faith to which his early bringing up would have made him such a stranger. He gives in a detail which is disagreeable, under the heading "The Roman Catholic Conspiracy," the account of the unhappy circumstances of recrimination and litigation which followed his sister's death; it is natural enough that he should wish to give his own side of the story, but the effect produced on the reader is one of the embarrassments caused by assisting unwillingly at a family quarrel. His justification of this and other exceedingly outspoken disclosures and judgments by Sydney Smith's "We are all dead now," goes some way; but a little more reticence would have struck one as being in better taste.

However, this defect, and a too liberal transcription of mere records of journeys (the illustrations, too, except a few good portraits in photogravure, are all small woodcuts of places, many of them taken without necessity from the author's guide-books) are the principal drawbacks to set against a vast quantity of really valuable personal reminiscences, covering a number of quite unusual experiences. In some of these the Society for Psychical Research would be much interested. Mr. Hare seems to have had a faculty, as was perhaps natural in one whose ancestry runs back through the Earls of Strathmore, for coming across "spookical" people; but few can have been more extraordinary than the Mme. de Trafford who was the intimate friend and almost the guardian angel of his mother and sister, a woman of the most remarkable powers of second-sight and the like. Of her Mr. Hare tells many things which he frankly admits he would not believe himself if he had not followed them day by day. This gives an additional spice of varied attraction to the book—which, in spite of its size and voluminous detail, may be read through with an amount of absorbing attention rarely given to "a ponderous biography of nobody."

#### "International Law"

*A Simple Statement of its Principles. By Herbert Wolcott Bowen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE PAST YEAR has made familiar with discussions of international law many persons who had not thought of the subject before. This is always one result of a presidential

year, when questions of citizenship, of legal domicile, of marriage and divorce, assume a public importance which they otherwise do not possess. The sudden shock given to all parties by the President's utterances on the Venezuela question aroused the greatest interest. Numerous publications appeared, by writers of the highest esteem, on important subjects called forth by various points in this question. Three of these, forming the series of "America and Europe," and bearing names no less distinguished than those of David A. Wells, Edward J. Phelps and Carl Schurz, were put forth by the Messrs. Putnam. There remained, however, an important work to be done, in the revisal of the whole law, elucidating its simple principles, in a style clear to every understanding, and bringing the whole statement down to the latest date. For the science of the law of nations is a progressive one—how progressive, one is not aware until its study is undertaken. It is enough to say that the immense change in the usages of war, known as the Red-Cross Convention, was made as lately as 1884 by an international assemblage meeting at Geneva. Hardly less important were the conclusions of the conference of delegates which met at Brussels in 1874, whose discussions have been adopted by most of the leading nations of Europe, showing how vastly the customs and laws of war have been interfused and limited by those of peace. This may be deemed one of the effects of standing armies, whose soldiers are drawn from the ordinary peasantry and workmen, and in a few years sink back into the mass from which they came. The fact is, however, that most of the leading statesmen of modern Europe have been derived from the civil grades, whose sentiments will be all on the side of the amenities of civil life.

The author of this useful repertory has had an excellent training for his undertaking. He has been United States Consul at the important Spanish port of Barcelona. An officer holding this position gets of necessity a practical knowledge of international law, for he is constantly engaged in duties which require of him this familiarity. The United States Consul at a large foreign town, especially one distant from the capital and necessarily having much left to his judgment, must be familiar with all the rules and incidents of the law of nations. Whether he is a person who can turn this knowledge to account must, of course, depend upon the man himself. So far as can be judged from his book, there has been little in the way of study and thought wanting on Mr. Bowen's part. His list of principal writers on international law is one of considerable length, beginning with Hugo Grotius (1583-1645) and closing with Francis Wharton (1820-1889). It has not been necessary for him, however, to review the ponderous tomes which have given to these names their fame. As his brief preface expresses it, his book "is, to a great degree, but an amplification of notes taken on treaties, municipal laws and the works of publicists, especially Wheaton, Woolsey and Wharton, by the author." Certainly, no better sources from which to frame a summary of the law of nations, as now acknowledged, could be found than those of President Woolsey of Yale, Henry Wheaton of Brown University, at one time Minister Resident at the Court of Prussia, and Francis Wharton, the distinguished jurist of Philadelphia. Mr. Bowen makes his book complete by including in his list of principal treaties that of the Conference of Berlin in 1885, containing provisions for the freedom of trade on the Congo, and for the notification to other powers of acquisition by any one of the signatory powers of possessions on the African coast—a provision in which we see already the germ of an African "Monroe doctrine,"—and by noting the treaty signed at the Porte in 1888, by which the Suez Canal was opened to merchant and war-vessels of all nations in time of peace and war, and was freed from the exercise of the right of blockade.

A more satisfactory compendium of international law could hardly be placed in the hands of any beginner in diplomacy than this unpretending but carefully prepared volume.

**"More Songs from Vagabondia"**

By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. With New Designs by T. B. Metyard. Copeland & Day.

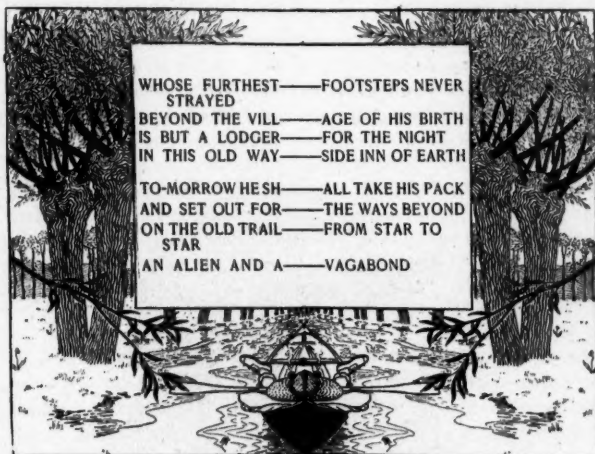
THESE SONGS are as little academic in style as in subject-matter:—

"Three of us with shocking hats,  
Tattered and unbarbered,  
Happy with the splash of mud,  
With the highways in our blood,  
Bearing down on Deacon Platt's  
Where last year we harbored."

The two authors and the artist thus describe themselves:—

"Loafing under ledge and tree,  
Leaping over boulders,  
Sitting on the pasture bars,  
Hail-fellow with storm or stars—  
Three of us, alive and free,  
With unburdened shoulders."

"More Songs from Vagabondia," it will be seen, are just like those in the Vagabonds' first book. They sing of April a-coming



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INSIDE COVER OF "MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA"

in with "a whooping of ice in the rivers," of fawns and wood-gods, shadows of themselves, the address of the quince to the lilac concerning the funny conscious people, who afford infinite amusement, it appears, to the unconscious folk of vegetation. They tell us what the mocking-bird says, and the sea gypsy, and communicate the secrets of "speech and silence," and of the proper compounding of "The First Tulip." They emulate Whitman in describing "The Bather," and give us *nocturnes* full of Sappho in Anjou, and Negro minstrelsy in Washington. They address Browning as "Old Fellow," and—but this is too bad of them—make Shakespeare himself speak a piece in honor of Mr. Partridge's statue.

There is no failure of the dash and spirit with which our authors set out. They are never at a loss for a rhyme, or a theme. They are as confident, youthful, hopeful and merry as any troubadour that ever sang "Tirra-lirra" in Provence. Their little book is good to lighten care and to fill the brain with pleasant pictures; and we could find it in our heart to desire that their singing might continue forever.

**"The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals"**

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With Introduction by Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., and Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. The Macmillan Co.

AFTER having admired the attractive binding of this edition, and duly given to Mr. Sullivan's illustrations the praise they so fully deserve, we turn, of course, to Mr. Birrell's introduction, which is worth reading and reading again. Light as it is in touch, it is not perfunctory; and the passages which refer to Sheridan's position in relation to Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar are well worth going into more deeply than the writer of an introduction to a new edition—with illustrations—feels called upon to do, or justified in doing. We are inclined to share Mr. Birrell's unwavering faith, so boldly set forth:—"The comedies of Sheridan have already had a long life, and, though

they are now entering upon a century sure to prove one of critical stir and stress, when old canons of taste, and rules of dialogue and of scenic propriety will be rudely upset, I see no reason why 'The Rivals,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'The Duenna' and 'The Critic' should not triumphantly emerge through the ordeal and be received as warmly throughout the twentieth century as they ever have been during the nineteenth."

In the meanwhile, we of the nineteenth can admire and enjoy them on the stage and off—with the Lady Teazle of Ada Rehan or that of Mr. Sullivan. And we can continue to believe in Sheridan the man, or to doubt him; because, happily, we live before the great iconoclast who will pull him to pieces in such a masterly way that future generations may have to bury him beyond the possibility of resurrection, with other shattered idols.

**New Books and New Editions**

A RECENT NUMBER of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science is "A Study of Slavery in New Jersey," by Henry Scofield Cooley, who thinks that an adequate knowledge of slavery as it developed in the United States can best be gained by studying the institution as it existed in the various states. Slavery in New Jersey, as in most of the older States, dates from the early colonial period. At first, Indians as well as Negroes were held in bondage; but the Indian slaves were at no time very numerous. The Negro slaves, however, seem to have been for a time an important element in the population; for we read that they were employed, not only as domestic servants and common laborers, but also in various mechanical occupations in which considerable skill is required. The largest number of slaves in the state at any one time was 12,422, in 1800. From an early period, however, there prevailed in New Jersey, especially among the Society of Friends, more or less opposition to slavery on moral grounds; and in 1786 a society was formed for the express purpose of securing its abolition. Nothing effectual was done in the matter, however, till 1804, and the legal abolition of the institution was not completed till 1846. Monographs like Mr. Cooley's, on slavery in the other states, would undoubtedly be useful to students of American history. (Johns Hopkins University.)

CHARADES seem to be a popular source of intellectual amusement just now. Mr. William Bellamy's "Century of Charades," published a year or more ago, was a palpable hit, as it deserved to be. We have never seen puzzles of that sort which were so ingenious, witty, and perplexing. The author has now brought out a "Second Century of Charades," which, though none of them is equal to the very best in the former book, are wonderfully good in their way. Latin and French words are worked in more frequently than before, and occasionally without fair warning; and some of the quibbles are rather forced. Other "conceits" are particularly witty; as, for instance, that on *few* in this charade upon the man, whoever he was, for whom Puget's Sound was named:—

"What is my first? A long and narrow cell  
Where rest the good, where sleep the bad as well.  
What is my last? A glitter and a care,  
Black load that women's shoulders ache to bear.  
Who was my whole? He lived his little span,  
And Fame forgot him—he was but a man;  
Few books, no monuments his deeds recall;  
His name remains—a sound, and that is all."

For a literary one, this, which is so easy that we leave the reader to guess it, is an average specimen:—

"My first and second, though a bird,  
To sing a song was never heard;  
It took my whole to sing my third."

The volume is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. —"THE COLUMBIAN Prize Charades," by Hubert Ingalls (Lee & Shepard), whose "Boston Charades" was published last year, contains 160 of these enigmas, which average easier than Mr. Bellamy's, and, though in other respects hardly equal to the majority of his, would be ranked high by any other standard. This is a fair sample, and will be readily guessed:—

"My first was a poet who pondered by night;  
His gloomy reflections inspired him to write;  
My second is gadoid, a creature marine,  
To be hooked in the mouth, but not found in a seine:  
My whole is an epithet Grumio named  
In the play where the Shrew is conclusively tamed."



"THOMAS HALSEY of Hertfordshire, England, and Southampton, Long Island, 1591-1679, with his American Descendants to the Eighth and Ninth Generations," is the title of a portly compilation of nearly 550 pages, by Jacob Lafayette Halsey and Edmund Drake Halsey. It is superfluous, we believe, to repeat here the arguments so often brought forward in reviews of books of this kind. Genealogy is a useful science, and a knowledge of one's ancestors is interesting, even where it is not useful or ornamental. The present book contains the names, etc., of about 2300 descendants of Thomas, out of a possible 5500, exclusive of the female lines. The preface shows how great an amount of labor has been expended on the book, which is the result of investigations spreading over a period of more than ten years. Every Halsey should possess a copy of it; and even those unreasonable Halseys who refused to answer the questions put to them by mail by the compilers should get one, and repent of their behavior by looking each day at the page where their names ought to be, but are not. There is, however, still hope for them: if they will send the information they refused, it will be used in making up an appendix, which will be sent to all purchasers of the book. The Halsey coat-of-arms, in colors, with the device, "Nescit vox missa reverti," forms the frontispiece of the book. (Morristown, N. J.)

A STOREHOUSE of great riches, indeed, is "The Illustrated Bible Treasury," edited by the Rev. Dr. William Wright. It contains articles on monumental testimony to the Old Testament, the history and chronology of the nations of the Bible, and the history of the Patriarchs, by Prof. Sayce, the eminent Assyriologist; a topography of Bible lands, analyses of the books of the Bible, papers on the language and text of the Old and New Testaments, descriptions of Bible fauna, flora and astronomy, a dictionary of Jewish antiquities, papers on money, coins and measures of the Bible, a life of Jesus—all by eminent theologians and scientists; and a concordance to the authorized and revised versions, with a subject-index and pronouncing dictionary of Scripture proper names. There are upwards of 350 illustrations and a new indexed Bible atlas. The book will be of the greatest use to clergymen, and an invaluable aid to Sunday-school teachers. But the lay reader will find it most attractive, too. Many an hour of profitable and pleasant reading may be found in these pages. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)—MR. H. D. LLOYD'S "Wealth against Commonwealth" created enough of a sensation at the time of its first appearance, to make the publication of a new edition seem a most natural thing. We gave our opinion of the book in *The Critic* of 27 April 1895, and see no reason to change it. It furnishes food for deep thought, but its author has no remedy to offer for the evils he points out, although he seems to lean towards a form of socialism. (Harper & Bros.)

OF THE PRODUCTION of books about books—as they are at present written,—there should soon be an end. The subject is a fascinating and, one might suppose, an inspiring one; yet of readable books of the sort there are hardly any, and the other sort are altogether too numerous. There are few collectors of, and probably no dealers in, rare books who have not written of them, and each new writer thinks it sufficient to grub among catalogues of sales, to quote a few prices (absolutely worthless as a guide to buyers) and to repeat the stock anecdotes about famous collectors, ancient and modern. It has occurred to Mr. W. Roberts that collectors of books are usually collectors of other things, too. He says, with pardonable extravagance:—"Everything is 'collected' nowadays, from railway engines and men-of-war to animalculæ." It has *therefore* seemed to him desirable to dish up in one volume chapters on books, pictures, pottery, porcelains and postage-stamps. The prices quoted, even when recent, are, as we have said, of little value, for the "market" is small, and the whim of a single buyer may affect it appreciably. It does not at all follow that, because one copy of a rare book, or one hawthorn jar, has just been sold for a certain price, the same price will secure another. And again, it is usually possible that the desired article may be obtained for less than the quoted price. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The Second Volume of Bell's "Reader's Shakespeare."*—Volume II. of "The Reader's Shakespeare," edited by Mr. David Charles Bell, contains the ten tragedies and "The Tempest." All are "condensed by the omission of all unnecessary or ob-

jectionable scenes and words," the gaps being supplied, when necessary, by concise narrative. Brief explanatory notes are added, and emphatic words are denoted by an "unobtrusive diacritic mark placed before the word." The book, like the preceding volume, will be useful to public readers and in Shakespeare reading clubs; but the critical matter is in some respects quite behind the times. In the chronological arrangement, for instance, "Pericles" is put first, Dryden's prologue to Davenant's "Circe" being quoted as authority; and the play is described as a "reproduction of an older drama, revised and retouched by the youthful hand of Shakespeare, particularly in the fifth act." It is hardly necessary to say that all good critics now agree that Shakespeare's part of "Pericles," which consists of the last three acts (except the Gower prologues and probably the prose scenes), belongs to his very last period, and that he left it unfinished. "Timon of Athens" is placed at the end of the list—which is too late—and is assumed to be founded on an earlier play, though its history is probably like that of "Pericles." (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

### The Lounger

MR. JACCACI ought to be proud that his portrait has been made by Vierge—an artist who is considered to be the cleverest black-and-white draughtsman living to-day. A few strokes of the pen, and the subject is immortalized. Mr. Jaccaci tells us, in the preface to his most interesting "On the Trail of Don Quixote," that



From a Sketch by Vierge

MR. AUGUST F. JACCACI

he did not accompany Vierge on this trip. The artist went over the ground two years before, accompanied by his wife and child and Carlos Vasquez, a Manchegan artist. A careful record of the trip was kept from day to day by the latter, while Vierge noted in his sketch-book every incident of the day, as well as every picturesque detail of scenery and architecture and costume, so that the author found it easy to follow the itinerary step by step.

VIERGE, so Mr. Jaccaci tells me, is slowly recovering from his paralysis. He finds difficulty in speaking, and his right hand has not entirely regained its power, so that he is still obliged to work



with his left hand. Few people realize—so true to nature are Vierge's drawings—that he never uses a model. Sometimes he makes notes from nature; oftener he relies upon his memory. In the Fine Arts School of Madrid, where he studied from 1863 to 1866, before going to Paris, he and his fellow students, among whom were Rico and Villegas, used to supplement the teaching of their professors and the routine work of the School by exercises of their own, which had for sole object the developing of their power of memorizing. They went every night into the poor quarters of Madrid and chose a subject—usually a scene of life in the low quarters,—looked at it intently, and, without taking any notes whatever, tried the next morning to render the impressions they had received. It was certainly an admirable exercise, and to it Vierge thinks that he owes much of his power of grasping what he calls the "synthetic" aspects of a type or scene and keeping them "stored," so to speak, in a corner of the brain until he can use them. If Vierge can do such work as this with his left hand, one wonders at the thought of what he might do if he had the use of his right.

I AM NOT at all surprised at the tragic death of Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe. No young man, or old one, for that matter, could write such morbid, loathsome stories as he wrote and have a sane mind. He was the most pronounced type of the decadent. According to the stories that are told of him, he was searching for material after the manner of Mr. Stephen Crane, and much the same sort of material. There is, after all, a good deal of truth in some of Nordau's theories. A man must have a diseased mind who finds pleasure in writing of diseased morals.

THE WRITTEN examinations that Mr. Roosevelt has insisted upon for men seeking positions in the Police Department have revealed an amount of ignorance on the part of the candidates that seems almost incredible. At a recent examination the applicants were asked to write out what they knew of Abraham Lincoln. I quote some of the answers:—

"I will tell yous aull that I know about Abraham Lincoln that he has bin a Presented of the New York City."

"Has lost his life while holling pirashing (position?)"

"He was at last assinated out of the effects of which he died."

"The person who shot Mr Lincoln was supposed to be a Southern Confederate name Giateau for this offense he was tried and convicted and sentenced to be be-headed."

Another wrote:—

"Kind Gentlemen, in reference to the life of Abraham Lincoln would say that I am not pearsonaly acuanted with him he was Clurk in a grocery store and could lick any of the village boys. He at one time had a very bad friend who at the end killed him."

FOR CONDENSED ignorance, I think that this is the most convincing:—

"He was the President that freed the South and let the Dorkey go fred and he was shot by Garfield this is all that I renber of of pre-tended Lincom so I will close hoping that I will pass."

In other days such gross ignorance would not have prevented an appointment, but to-day a man living in New York is supposed to have a little more general information than is to be found among the Dyaks of Borneo.

THE ATTITUDE of the politician toward the public library is always amusing, though sometimes exasperating. In a fit of virtue, he occasionally votes the money for a building, or makes an appropriation for the running expenses of a library; but a chill almost always ensues, in which he repents of his weakness, and seeks either to undo the good he has done, or else to minimize it. Thus we have seen

him set apart certain rooms in the Capitol at Albany for the library of the State University, and then grab the best of them for a Senate committee. We have seen him build a magnificent home for the National Library at Washington, and then try to appropriate it, temporarily, for an Inauguration Ball. We have seen him provide a salary of \$6000 a year (little enough, in all conscience) for the National Librarian, and then reduce it to \$5000. Whether or not this reduction, which was the only amendment to the many-millioned bill in which the item in question was included, had any connection with the Librarian's opposition to the ball project, I do not know, though it is hinted that it had; but it is characteristic of the politician's almost invariable attitude toward public libraries. The bill referred to, by the way, made a largely increased allowance for the expenses of the Library, in view of the great increase in clerical force, necessitated by the pending removal to its new quarters. Fortunately, it has been provided that appointments shall not be made for political reasons.

THE LATE M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR was one of a class of public men of whom we find many examples on the other side of the water, and very few on this. The "scholar in politics" is so rare in this country that we have a phrase to designate him. In



M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR

France and England, on the other hand, it is assumed that the political leader is a man of culture, and he usually is. The distinguished Frenchman so recently deceased was in turn professor of literature, journalist, author, Prefect of the Rhône, Member of the Assembly, Senator, Ambassador to England, and Minister of Foreign Affairs. And the present Minister, M. Hanotaux—another scholar in public life—is the candidate for his chair in the Academy.

IF ANYONE WISHES to see how a true incident, briefly told, can be elaborated by a literary artist into a bit of fiction that bears every evidence of being true in all its details, he should turn from Miss Wilkins's characteristic short story in the January *Harper's* to one of the Sunday issues of *The New York Tribune*, printed

early last May. For "One Good Time" is merely the retelling, by an accomplished writer, of a true story there stated in its simplest terms. There is, of course, no question of plagiarism in this case; but the study of the two stories should be vastly helpful to fledgling fictionists.

THE PUBLISHERS of Mr. Bryan's book, "The First Battle," offer to send *The Critic* a copy thereof, on publication of an advertisement that would cost \$15.60. The temptation has not been easily resisted, for the book contains a biography by Mrs. Bryan; and the 600 pages are printed from "large type" on a "superior quality of paper"; and "a portrait of the author forms a design upon the cover." This is a good deal to give for \$15.60—if the portrait is half as striking as the one accompanying the publishers' letter.

### "The Stone Man of Sorrows"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

From London (Messrs. Lamley & Co.) there comes this little book, which seems to have a special interest for us, not only because its author, Mrs. Eugenia Jones Bacon, is an American, but because America possesses in the Old Man of the Mountain of Franconia Notch, what is said to be the finest stone-portrait in existence. Instead, however, of the face standing out some 1200 feet above the ground, and consisting of many feet of stone, as does that of the Old Man, this one of which Mrs. Bacon tells is borne about by herself in a velvet setting, and is only one inch long and three quarters of an inch wide.



Through photographs and electro engravings, others besides intimate friends have come to learn of it, and to regard it as an object of wonder and suggestion. But now, through this little book, which contains a picture of the stone, the opportunity is given for the many to become acquainted with the wonder. But, as John Oliver Hobbes says, "the photographs do not give the same sensation of astonishment, and, indeed, of reverence, the original irresistibly conveys."

This I can corroborate from my own experience. Mrs. Bacon did not have with her the little treasure, as was her custom, when I first met her on the Alaska steamer in July, 1893; she felt that a New York safe was a better place for it than a steamer going among icebergs. And as she sailed for her European home ere my return East, I was obliged to take her word for it that the stone itself surpassed the picture of it she gave me. But the wonderful face of the photograph impressed me deeply. Whenever, in the following days, it opened to me its wonder, I recalled her thrilling story concerning it—the story now given the public through this little book. When I did come to see it the following year in London, I was not disappointed. With Canon Eaton I found it to be a "truly marvelous instance of the sympathy of Nature with the Divine." Nature, apparently, had outdone the finest artist in the portrayal of agony; for this agonized expression is what holds the eye of the artist, the saint, or the mere lover of the wonderful. Having seen, only a few weeks before, the Laocoon, I could but compare. The one seemed to express restless, unreconciled suffering, struggling blindly, heroically, against fate; the other was an expression of patient, reconciled agony, meekly and divinely (intelligibly) borne. One was the work of highest art, the other a growth of nature. That such a bit of limestone, which leading scientists declare no hand of workman has ever touched, should have been picked up on the mountain path overlooking Oberammergau's acted Passion Play, made it doubly interesting. Picked up simply as a memento of a place where deep feeling had been inspired, it was laid away with other mementoes for eight years, ere Mrs. Bacon happened to hold it at such an angle as to discover the face. Then her religious, as well as artistic, nature (for she is an artist) was overwhelmed. The heart which had known deepest sorrow and loneliness, saw here the sympathy of nature with her as well as with the divine plan. At its sight she bowed in prayer. Her little memento had become a veritable inspiration for her future. There was no rest for her, until she had seen it mounted on a bit of velvet.

The little book tells the rest; how she dedicated it to the memory of an only child; how, though seen by highest authorities

in science, art, and in the Church, it has never "evoked an adverse round of criticism"; how it impresses even the children, one six-year-old exclaiming, on seeing it, "Why, it is Jesus!" An appendix of twelve pages gives testimonials of many who have seen it. Sir Richard Garnett of the British Museum says:—"It is a great natural curiosity, more curious than anything of the same nature with which I am acquainted, and the history of its discovery is more curious still." Besides testimonials of the heads of the chief museums in Europe, there are those of Canons of the Church of England, artists such as W. W. Story and Elihu Vedder, Max Müller and others prominent in science. "You have discovered in this pebble," wrote Mr. Story to Mrs. Bacon, "a new world and an extraordinary and interesting head." "If the stones ever preach sermons," wrote the Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow of the Egypt Exploration Fund, "surely, your Oberammergau fragment preaches the most unique and tender of them all."

Mrs. Bacon, who still owns the stone as a sacred trust, with a reverence wholly devoid of superstition, has, in her extensive travels, exhibited it privately. She has been urged to give it a public exhibition. Should she decide to do so, it is hoped that she will not pass America by. Meanwhile, her brochure will serve to prove what Max Müller said when he saw the stone:—"The chapter of accidents is much larger than we imagine."

BOSTON, DEC., 1896.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

### London Letter

THE CASE of Mr. George Brooks against *Truth*, which was abruptly finished yesterday by the intervention of the jury, was one of considerable interest to writers and to journalists. "What is a patron?" asks Mr. Austin Dobson in one of the most characteristic of his poems; and from time to time we are assured that the opulent patron of starving literature is as extinct as the sedan-chair. Mr. Brooks seems to have found otherwise. He wrote books (of which who has ever heard?), and he published them at his own charges. To enable him to do so, he obtained, by means of begging letters, between the years 1889 and 1895 no less than 6000*l*. When the Conservative Government came in last year, and Mr. Balfour was set in command, this Mr. Brooks contrived to obtain from the Treasury a pension of 200*l*. a year, in consideration of his services to literature. Of course, Mr. Balfour was mistaken, and many papers, with *Truth* as a conspicuous leader, set forth the true state of affairs. The result was a libel case, brought by the said Mr. Brooks against Mr. Labouchere, and yesterday ignominiously dismissed. The jury even added a rider, suggesting that *Truth* had conferred a service on the country by its exposure of Mr. Brooks and his "literary claims." And yet, indeed: "What is a patron?" Who are the people, who to the extent of 1000*l*. a year, or (according to Mr. Brooks's own computation) with an average donation of six pounds a head, bestow unconsidered charity upon the professional beggar? The honorable man-of-letters, working in London for his living, must needs go a long way before he secure himself an income of 1000*l*. a year; but this scribbling, soliciting, inventive genius was able to beguile, not only the unwisely charitable, but even the First Lord of the Treasury himself. However, his little game is over now: doubtless, it was merry while it lasted. And, while such careers are possible, who shall say that the foolish, fatuous, unintelligent patron has altogether vanished from the ken of the penman?

Talking of Mr. Austin Dobson reminds me that he is at present engaged upon a careful revision of his *Memoir of Hogarth*. That work is already recognized as the standard biography of its subject, and is beginning to be alluded to, as in Mr. Traill's "Social England," as the authoritative "Life." But, when it reissues from its author's hands next spring, it will come forth with even stronger authority. Indeed, in its revised form, it is not likely to be ever superseded. Mr. Dobson is adding a catalogue of all authentic Hogarth prints, which will be final in its accuracy and fulness. He is also correcting any slight misstatements which may have crept into the text (though, with Mr. Dobson, these are as a needle in a hayrick), and several new illustrations will be added. In a word, we shall have here all that anyone need ever ask to know of Hogarth, and more than most would have thought of asking. It would be strange if such a work were not to live.

Early in the new year theological students and others will have in their hands the monumental work upon Cyprian, which the late Archbishop of Canterbury had just brought to an end at the time of his death. For thirty years this book had been under Dr. Benson's eye. So far as literary output goes, it was his life-work;



and it is a great satisfaction that he should have been enabled to bring it to a conclusion. The idea was first suggested to the late Primate when he was still Head Master of Wellington, by Bishop Lightfoot; and, since its inception, it was never for long absent from his thoughts. Much of it has been in type for years: and it was only recently that the first 200 pages or so were entirely rewritten and reset. It is well known that Dr. Benson insisted much upon the importance of the Church of Carthage, and especially of its relation to the Roman Church, as bearing upon the subsequent position of Rome among the churches of the West. Naturally, this question is fully dealt with in the forthcoming work, which contains, also, a biography of Cyprian and a critical estimate of his writings. So thoroughly was the work conceived that, some four years ago, the Archbishop undertook a journey through North Africa, with a view to strengthening his appreciation of topical features and considerations. [The American publishers will be the Messrs. Appleton.]

In the early spring Mr. John Lane will publish a new novel, the most ambitious piece of work hitherto put forth by Miss Netta Syrett, whose clever story, "Nobody's Fault," proved her to be possessed of observation and humor. Miss Syrett, who is very young, is practically a product of *The Yellow Book*, only a few of her stories having appeared outside the pages of that entertaining quarterly. She is by no means of the ordinary, depressing type of blue-stocking, but has a merry laugh, a contempt for Ibsen, and a busy bicycle. She can talk of an infinity of subjects, and gathers the materials for her fiction largely from the observation which accompanies her own conversation.

The disappearance of Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe, widely paragraphed in the papers during the present week, brings to a depressing close a singularly hopeful career. Mr. Crackanthorpe was before the public but three years, and suffered much at the hands of his friends, who did him but little service in calling him "The English Guy de Maupassant" and other vain comparative names. Those who judged him more quietly were content to find in his work a persistent faculty for taking pains, lit up by frequent flashes of a more spontaneous and arresting genius. He chose dispiriting subjects, but treated them with remarkable, with positively repellent, fidelity. So far as he went, his first book was his best; but, in the last little volume of impressionist sketches which he published, he showed a sense of color and a fortunate choice of the right word which ought to have served him well, as his field enlarged, and his observation took on wider sympathies. Mr. Crackanthorpe was not more than twenty-seven or eight, and looked much younger. His work had genuine promise, and needed only more strenuous models to enable it to grow into excellence. [His body was found in the Seine on Dec. 24.]

LONDON, 18 Dec. 1896.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### Notes from France and England

M. PAUL VIOLLET, member of the Institute and the learned Librarian of the Paris Law School, is busily engaged on the second volume of his important "Histoire des Institutions Politiques et Administratives de la France" (Paris: Larose & Forcel), of which his large "Histoire du Droit Civil Français," published three years ago, is the pendant. Half of the new volume—the chapters devoted to the monarchy and the Church—is already finished, so the author informs me, but he cannot tell when it will be completed. The first volume, which appeared in 1890, covered the Gallic, Gallo-Roman and Frankish periods of French growth. The chief merits of this scholarly work are its clearness and brevity, the whole broad subject being brought within the compass of two octavos of less than 500 pages each. The numerous footnotes and full bibliographies at the end of the chapters are not the least valuable portion of this history.

M. Émile Ollivier, who was Napoleon III's last Prime Minister, has been laboring for twenty years on his "L'Empire Libéral" (Paris: Garnier). Only the first of the nine or ten volumes has yet appeared, that devoted to "the principle of nationalities." This, unquestionably, will be the most important contribution to the literature of the Second Empire. When I expressed fear that he might not live to finish the task, M. Ollivier informed me that the manuscript was ready for the printer. He is considering whether he will bring out in regular order the several volumes, or whether he will begin with the one given up to the war of 1870. "But three men on the French side," M. Ollivier remarked recently, "knew thoroughly the inside history of the declaration of the war. They were the Emperor, the Duke de Gramont and myself. The first two are dead, and I am now to speak." It is to be hoped

that M. Ollivier will adopt the second plan, and publish first his account of that memorable event.

M. Zevort, Rector of the University of Caen and author of nearly a score of histories and biographies, is engaged on an important work, "Histoire de la Troisième République" (Paris: Félix Alcan). The first volume, which appeared in August, begins with the fall of the Second Empire, and treats briefly the war and the Commune, and gives an account of Thiers's presidency till his fall in May 1873. The second volume, which will be issued next winter, will describe the presidency of Marshal MacMahon; the third, to be ready next summer, will treat of the presidency of M. Grévy; while the fourth and last, giving the history of M. Carnot's administration, will be printed towards the spring of 1898. M. Zevort writes with a cool head, and, while showing a natural bias for the Republic, being a republican, tries to be, and generally succeeds in being, impartial. Americans may read this book with perfect safety, for to us, at least, it will not appear too republican.

The Countess de Beaulaincourt is busily engaged on the final volume of her father's Journal, at the Château d'Acosta, near Paris, where Marshal de Castellane spent his early boyhood and which was once occupied by Mme. de Staël, when exiled from Paris by Napoleon. The narrative, which has to do with the opening years of the Second Empire, comes down to the Marshal's death in 1862. The volume will appear in November.

In sending me her latest volume, "Un Divorce" (Paris: Lévy), Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") writes:—"Here is a republication of my first book. It first appeared as a *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats* at an unfavorable moment, just as the war of 1870 broke out, and its German subject was not of a nature to win friends for it. This was the book, however, which introduced me to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Buloz noticed it and invited me to write a story for him. I sent him 'La Vocation de Louise,' which had some success, and I have contributed to the *Revue* ever since. The book may contain here and there strictures on America, for I had never been there at that time. But I have since repaired my fault by pointing out the good sides after the bad." By the way, Mme. Blanc expects to visit the United States again next spring, when she will give her chief attention, I believe, to the development of Catholicism in that country.

Some of the friends of M. Francisque Sarcey, "the Nestor of Dramatic Critics," are arranging for him to print in an American journal a weekly or semi-monthly letter on Parisian literary and theatrical subjects.

W. H. Bolton, Esq., Honorary Secretary of the Tom Hughes Memorial Fund, whose address is 25 Old Queen Street, London, W., informs me that the subscriptions have so far nearly attained the sum of \$5000. "I am not aware," he adds, "that any Americans have subscribed, though it was stated at the meeting held in London, last June, when the Fund was started, that, as Americans would wish to subscribe, their offerings would be gratefully accepted." The Memorial, which is to be set up at Rugby, will be "a life-size statue of Tom Hughes by a first-class sculptor." Any surplus of subscriptions after the provision of this statue is to be devoted to assisting the home mission work identified with Rugby. Both in London and Birmingham boys' clubs have been formed, which are producing most admirable results among the lowest class of boys. Tom Hughes is said to have taken a deep interest in these labors.

While in Oxford, recently, I spent a half-hour at the superb establishment of the University Press, and witnessed the printing of the sheets of the next part of the great "Dictionary on Historic Principles." Dr. Murray was out of town, but Mr. Bradley was in charge of the editorial rooms, alongside of which I noticed the editorial rooms of the new "Dialectic Dictionary." On leaving the present monumental premises of the University Press, I paid a visit to the low, dark garret over the Sheldonian Theatre, where it was installed during the earlier years of its existence. While going down the rickety staircase, I could not resist glancing in at the Theatre itself, the scene of so many famous academic events, and there, on the desk in front of the Chancellor's high chair, still lay the program of last summer's Commemoration, with Mr. Bayard's and Prof. March's names, as you know, on the back leaf among the candidates for honorary degrees.

The new organ of English "advanced thought"—*The Progressive Review*—has, as joint editors, Mr. J. A. Hobson and Mr. William Clark. The former—who, by the way, has an American wife and is an enthusiastic cyclist—is an Oxford University Extension lecturer on economics and the author of "Problems of Poverty" and "Evolution of Modern Capitalism"; while the latter,





## Music

THE PRODUCTION of "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan Opera House was the musical feature of the week, but a detailed discussion of the performance must be reserved until later. Boito's "Mefistofele" was brought forward on Monday night, and the performance was on the whole one of high excellence. Mme. Calvé again revealed the wonderful scope of her powers in a notable impersonation of Marguerite. In the garden-scene she was charmingly girlish, and used the lighter colors of her well-governed voice with unerring artistic judgment and fine technical skill. In the prison scene she very properly allowed the breadth of her voice full play, such quality of tone being eminently appropriate to the vocal embodiment of the developed womanhood and poignant sorrow of the unhappy creature. Her singing and acting in this scene made a combined work of genius, and evoked a most uncommon enthusiasm. As Helen of Troy she sang well, but the scene is an anti-climax and Mme. Calvé could not prevent its diminishing effect.

M. Plançon achieved a brilliant success as Mefistofele. It is a part to which his personality and his style of singing are admirably suited. He sang the music with splendid vigor, enunciated the text with his customary elegance of diction, and acted with a just appreciation of the picturesque possibilities of the rôle. Signor Cremonini was an acceptable, though not distinguished, Faust, and Mme. Mantelli was commendable as Martha and Pantalà. A large measure of the praise for the merit of the performance is due to Signor Mancinelli, who conducted the work with superb mastery of its musical content. The audience recognized the value of his work and awarded him especial applause. The opera was well mounted and the stage management was good.

The Oratorio Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave Handel's "Messiah" at its second afternoon and evening concerts, this season. Miss Lillian Blauvelt, Mrs. Adele Baldwin, H. Evan Williams and Ffrangcon Davies were the soloists.

Mme. Nordica sang at Mr. Bagby's Musical Morning, at the Waldorf, on Dec. 28, by special arrangement with Messrs. Ruben & Andrews. She has since started on her concert tour.

## The Drama

### "Much Ado" at Daly's Theatre

IT IS earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Augustin Daly may be spared for many years to persevere in the enlightened policy which marks his playhouse as the legitimate successor of the old Wallack's. A man of less self-reliance than he would have been disheartened by the disorganization wrought by death and desertion in his well-drilled and well-balanced company, a few years ago, but he has valiantly reconstructed it, and is pursuing his old course undeterred by the new difficulties which beset him. These are attributable entirely to the modern system of speculative management, which has destroyed the old stock-companies, the only schools of acting, and so cut off the supply of educated actors. It is but another application of the old fable about the killing of the goose that laid the golden eggs. Formerly there was a certain source from which a constant supply of capable all-round players could be expected. Then came the day when all the moderately competent performers were converted prematurely, by circus methods, into stars, without any provision for the production of substitutes to succeed them when their course should be run. Now the evil results of the policy are manifest even to the duller observer. The old stock is almost exhausted, and the theatrical field, which should be ripening to harvest, lies bare and barren.

It would be dishonest to pretend that Mr. Daly's production of "Much Ado About Nothing" is all that could be wished, but he has put the material at his disposal to the best possible use, and the quality of the entertainment which he has provided is a pleasant earnest of what may be expected from him in the future, when his younger players have acquired a larger comprehension of the spirit and manner essential to the interpretation of old poetic comedy. These qualifications do not consist only in the preservation of traditional "business"—much of which is stupid enough,—in trivialities of emphasis or utterance, or even in any particular conception of a given character, but in freedom, grace, picturesqueness and eloquence of gesture, in the easy assumption and maintenance of the air which denotes the best breeding of the period, the art of speaking blank-verse rhythmically and musically, without monotony, and of speaking old-fashioned prose without destroying its cadences and significance. It was the want of style, not of general intelligence, that constituted the weakness in the work of

Mr. Daly's performers. Even Miss Rehan, although the character lies well within the range of her peculiar dramatic capacity, failed to reflect the air of personal and intellectual distinction which belongs rightfully to Beatrice. In her anxiety to give the fullest possible expression to the lines allotted to her, she was often too deliberate and too emphatic, making the humor broader and coarser, and thereby robbing Beatrice of much of her readiness and refinement. The saucy pertness with which she uttered some of her gibes was more appropriate to Lady Teazle than to the brilliant niece of the Governor of Messina.

It may be doubted, also, whether her tearful prostration before the altar in the church scene is altogether in consonance with the lofty spirit of the woman who demands so promptly and so resolutely the killing of Claudius. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the contrast between this exhibition of feminine tenderness and the fine outburst of womanly indignation with which she incites Benedick, is exceedingly effective theatrically, and, in this episode, she stirred the audience to enthusiasm and assured the triumph of her own impersonation. Her wrath lacked some attributes of dignity and high scorn, but had the thrill of genuineness in it, and will be remembered among her best achievements. The Benedick of Mr. Richman was sorely wanting in intellectuality and brilliancy, but was goodly to look on, and possessed a soldierly simplicity and directness which provoked sympathy. Mr. Varrey, as the Friar, Mr. George Clarke and Mr. Tyrone Power demonstrated the value of training and experience, and Mr. Sidney Herbert presented a singularly strong, consistent and picturesque study of Don John. A word of cordial praise is due, also, to the excellent Dogberry of William Griffiths and the Hero of Nancy McIntosh. It is not necessary to mention others individually, but the general representation passed off without a hitch of any kind. The stage management, as usual, was most liberal and tasteful, the costumes being remarkably costly and handsome. Mr. Daly, indeed, seldom has presented groupings more pleasing to the eye.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

MR. GLEESON WHITE says *The Daily Chronicle*, has practically finished his volume on "English Illustration." The idea is to give a record of the more important English illustrations which were published between 1855 and 1870. This period, of course, saw the rise of the pre-Raphaelite school, and the naturalistic movement which followed so closely upon it. The book will provide a collection of about 120 typical specimens of the works of the leading illustrators of the period stated. Some of these artists are Sir E. Burne-Jones, Sir Edward Poynter, and the late Sir John Millais, Lord Leighton and Mr. du Maurier.

—The January Columbia University lectures in coöperation with the Metropolitan Museum of Art will be given on successive Saturdays by Mr. D. Cady Eaton, on "Athens of To-day," beginning this morning at 11 A. M. The lectures will be illustrated; no tickets of admission are required.

—A friend of Dr. Robertson Nicoll visited Mr. J. McNeill Whistler some weeks ago. The famous artist's room was tolerably well filled with pictures. When his visitor returned a week or two later, the room was empty. The explanation was that in the interim a wealthy American had visited Mr. Whistler and insisted on buying all the work he had in hand.

—Mr. Sargent's portrait of Coventry Patmore has been presented to the National Portrait Gallery. (*The Critic*, Dec. 5, p. 365.)

—Turner's house in Twickenham is for sale. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it was built for him from his own suggestions. He called it Sandicombe Lodge, and went to live in it after giving up his residence by the Thames at West End, Hammersmith. Turner had also a London abode in Queen Anne Street West, on the Portland estate, but the house was demolished in 1882.

IN THE COURSE of an address on "Enforced Philanthropy," before a New England women's club, Miss Agnes Repplier recently declared that "We take from the farmer and the butcher to give to the baker and the candlestick maker; and hard-working actors, singers and writers, succumbing to the blandishments of a polite committee, are robbed of their rest and recreation in order that they may give their service at some benefit entertainment, or to the woman's edition of a newspaper."



## The American Historical Association

THE TWELFTH annual meeting of the American Historical Association was held in this city on Dec. 29-31. The Association now has a membership of over 600, including all the leading historians of the country and the professors and teachers of history in the larger universities and colleges. The meetings were held in Hamilton Hall, Columbia University, the program being as follows:—

Dec. 29, morning session, papers on "The Melancthon Quarto-Centenary" (February 16, 1897), by President E. D. Warfield, Lafayette College; "The Anti-Rent Episode in the State of New York, 1845-46," by Dr. David Murray, New Brunswick, N. J.; "Know-Nothingism in Massachusetts," by Prof. G. H. Haynes, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; and "Defaced, not Destroyed! Peale's Original Whole-length Portrait of Washington," by Charles H. Hart, Philadelphia. After the adjournment of this session a breakfast was given at the Windsor Hotel, under the presidency of Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the President of the Association, who delivered the inaugural address at the evening session, held in the New York Academy of Medicine. The program for the remaining sessions was arranged as follows:—

Morning session, Dec. 30, papers on "Political Science and History," by Prof. J. W. Burgess, Columbia University; "The Use of History made by the Framers of the Constitution," by Prof. E. G. Bourne, Yale University; "The Capture of Port Royal, and its First English Governor," by Gen. J. G. Wilson; "Schemes for Episcopal Control in the Colonies," by Arthur L. Cross of Harvard. Evening session: Conference on the Teaching of History. Papers or remarks by Profs. H. B. Adams, Johns Hopkins University; E. Emerton, Harvard University; J. B. McMaster, University of Pennsylvania, and others; and Report of the Work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, by Prof. J. F. Jameson, Brown University.

Morning session, Dec. 31: "The West as a Field for Historical Study," by Prof. F. J. Turner, University of Wisconsin. Discussion by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and others. "Some Economic Aspects of Early American Politics," by O. G. Libby, Ph.D., University of Wisconsin; "The Northern Lake Frontier during the Civil War," by J. M. Callahan, Johns Hopkins University. Evening session: "Langdon Cheves: A Study from Neglected Sources," by Miss Louisa P. Haskell, Radcliffe College; "The Influence of the American Revolution on England's Government of her Colonies," by Prof. G. B. Adams, Yale University; "The Government of Federal Territories in Europe and America," by E. C. Burnett, Brown University; and "Some Letters of Mediaeval Students," by Prof. C. H. Haskins, University of Wisconsin. Reports of committees and concluding business.

## Education

THE HACKLUYT SOCIETY celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation on Dec. 15, in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, London. The President, Sir Clements Markham, delivered the address, which embraced a just tribute to the work of Richard Hackluyt, and a clear exposition of the achievements of the Society which bears his name during its half-century of life. The publications for the year 1897, it is announced, will consist of the concluding portion of Azurara's "Chronicle," and "The Voyage of Jens Munk to Hudson Bay." Should the state of the finances permit, it is hoped to publish an extra volume for the year, in commemoration at once of the Society's jubilee, and of the four-hundredth anniversary of the departure of Vasco da Gama for India. Subscriptions (one guinea per annum) may be sent to William Foster, Esq., Honorary Secretary, 4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W. C., London.

On Dec. 23, Justice Beekman of the Supreme Court of this state handed down a decision declaring void the bequests of the late Samuel J. Tilden, of \$65,000 for a library and reading-room at New Lebanon, N. Y., and of \$100,000 for a library and reading-room at Yonkers.

The Columbia University lectures in coöperation with the American Museum of Natural History for January will be on anthropology and ethnology, the lecturers being Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, Dr. Otis T. Mason, Dr. Franz Boas, Dr. Livingston Farrand and Dr. William Z. Ripley. The lectures will be given at the Museum at 8 P. M. on successive Saturdays, beginning to-night. No tickets of admission are required.

Dean Hoffman of the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in this city has sent a check for \$35,000 to the University of the

South, at Sewanee, Tenn., and has given it property at Bridgeport, Ala., worth \$15,000. He promised some time ago to make the gifts in case of Mr. McKinley's election.

As already announced in these columns, the Class of '95 of Smith College will repeat its commencement play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in the Carnegie Lyceum, this afternoon and evening. With a few minor changes, the cast will be the same as that of the original presentation at Northampton. The proceeds will be added to the fund that the Class is trying to raise for a new academic building. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. A. S. Best, 15 West 21st Street. The play will be given in Boston, in the Bijou Theatre, in the afternoon and evening of Jan. 4. Tickets can be had from Miss Abbie Covel, 298 West Newbury Street, Boston.

Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co. announce "The English Language and Its Grammar," by Irene M. Mead, a book especially designed for normal and training schools.

## Notes

DR. FRIDTIOF NANSEN'S account of his voyage to the Arctic regions will be published in this country by the Messrs. Harper, in February, simultaneously with its appearance in England, Germany, France, Sweden and other European countries. The book was offered to other New York houses, which refused it on account of the enormous price asked—\$25,000,—more than half of the price paid by the Messrs. Constable. It is not said that the Messrs. Harper paid this price, but merely that it was asked. The book will be published in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated.

—Capt. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" will be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. in March. It will be in two large volumes. The larger the better, for never were subject and author more happily chosen.

—The Messrs. Appleton have in press for early publication "The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton," written with the authority and approval of the family, by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted. In this book Mrs. Stisted more than hints that Mrs. Burton married her uncle against his will. The only woman he ever loved, she says, was "a dark-eyed Persian girl of high descent," who died before they could be married. Mrs. Stisted also denies that Burton died a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. She says that his wife had the ceremony of extreme unction performed over his corpse, and that no one who knew her uncle would ever believe that he would become a convert to Catholicism, even under pressure.

—Two volumes of Dr. David Masson's edition of De Quincey are ready for the press. There are to be six altogether.

—Mrs. Flora Steele's novel, "On the Face of the Waters," will be published in January by the Macmillan Co. Mr. Kipling is said to have pronounced this the best story of the Indian Mutiny that has yet been written. It is certainly a strong book, if all reports concerning it are true, and it is a long book, for it covers some five or six hundred pages of type. But who has ever complained of the length of a good story?

—M. Jusserand is about to publish another of his volumes on topics of historical interest. This time it is "The Romance of a Scots King," James I.

—The poems of Robert Browning on which the copyright has just expired include "Pauline," "Paracelsus," "Sordello" and "Bells and Pomegranates." Copyright lasts for forty-two years, or seven years after an author's death, whichever period may be longest. Browning died on 12 Dec. 1889.

—Mr. Edward Arnold announces a translation, by Lady Herschell, of "Paris qui Mendie," from the pen of Louis Paulian. The English title is to be "The Beggars of Paris," and the volume will be ready early this month.

—The London *Daily Chronicle* understands that Mr. William Watson proposes to reprint his "Purple East" sonnets and his other poems on the Armenian question in a single volume, under the title of "The Year of Shame." The Bishop of Hereford will contribute an introduction, and Mr. John Lane will be the publisher.

—According to *The St. James's Gazette*, Queen Victoria will personally dictate and revise a biography of herself, which will appear in 1897. The story of the longest reign in the history of England from the Queen's own standpoint cannot fail to be of great interest.



—Dean Farrar contributes his reminiscences of Lord Tennyson to the January number of *The Temple Magazine*.

—Mr. Harold Frederic writes to the *Times* from London that Mr. Gladstone "still spends most of his time cheerfully fussing about in his library, but it is doubtful if he ever will do much more sustained work. He writes a great number of letters, and one of these, to Quaritch, the famous bookseller, just published, contains a charming and very characteristic bibliographic autobiography. Among the many interesting things he says, one is that the book he has owned the longest is Hannah More's 'Sacred Dramas,' which she herself presented to him, with her autograph inscription, in 1815. He laments that bookbinding, despite improved machinery and the cheapening of materials, is far dearer and much worse than when he was a young man."

—The statement comes from St. Petersburg that the Holy Synod has decided to proceed against Count Tolstoi as a heretic, and will not only excommunicate him, but destroy his books and penalize their further distribution.

—On hearing that he had only received four votes at the recent election of the French Academy, against eight at the previous one, Émile Zola is reported to have said:—"What! I have really four! I am surprised, for I never expected it," having taken no part in the poll. The election was arranged beforehand, and therefore it was useless to pay any attention to it. To tell the truth, these Academic elections have no effect on me. I confine myself to putting up for every seat vacant, and then I wait to see the result without the slightest emotion. Of course, I shall continue a candidate, but I no longer pay the traditional visits. I paid them once, and that is enough. I am again a candidate for the seat of Jules Simon. As regards that of M. Challemeil-Lacour, the customary period of mourning has only just expired, and I shall wait a few days more before coming forward for his seat. And I shall continue to go on in this way. Where it will lead me to, goodness only knows."

—Mr. William Allen Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear," has been presented with a silver flower-bowl and salver in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the bar, on 9 July 1846. A banquet was given in his honor at the Lawyers' Club last summer, where the plan of presenting him with a lasting memento first took shape. A letter signed by many leading members of the New York bar accompanied the gift.

—A bust of Ernest Renan has been placed in Room 4 of the Collège de France, where the great scholar used to teach his radical views of Christianity.

—Mr. Benjamin Swift, the author of "Nancy Noon," is only twenty-five, and a Scotchman, the son of a Glasgow physician. He has distinguished himself so much in his already varied career, says the London *Daily Mail*, as to give considerable promise for the success of his future.


—It has recently been stated that Swami Vivekananda has declared the very title of Rudyard Kipling's ballad, "Gunga Din," to be an impossibility. An admirer of Mr. Kipling now points out that this "impossibility occurs in an Anglo-Indian document as the name of a corporal in a native regiment at the time of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny."

—Miss Kate Field's body was cremated in San Francisco on Dec. 27. The service preceding the cremation was held at Trinity Episcopal Church, a large and distinguished audience attending. Among the floral tributes was a wreath of roses and ferns from Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland. The ashes will be sent East for burial.

—Mr. Edward Hale Bierstadt, who died in Summit, N. J., on Dec. 19, was born in New Bedford, Mass., on 4 Jan. 1857. An earnest and erudite bibliophile, Mr. Bierstadt acquired in the course of his life a library that is of much interest on account of the first editions and rare volumes it contains. His knowledge of certain periods of English literature was profound, and he was an admirable bibliographer—as is witnessed by his Whittier bibliography. A Lowell bibliography, in the preparation of which he took a large part, is practically ready. He did, also, a great deal of valuable work on the bibliography of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries projected by the Grolier Club, of which he was a member almost from the first, serving it as treasurer for several terms.

—Paul Auguste Arène, who died in Paris on Dec. 18, was born on 26 June 1843. He started life as a school-teacher, and brought out his first play in 1865, at the Odéon. He then was connected for several years with *Le Nain jaune*, the *Figaro*, *Petit Journal* and *Événement*, and produced a number of plays, mostly in collaboration with others. He wrote, also, the following stories:—"Jean-des-figues," "La Vraie Tentation de St. Antoine," "Le Bon Soleil," "Vingt Jours en Tunisie" and "La Chèvre d'Or."

—The Syracuse *Herald* says of *The Critic*:—"Its criticisms are terse, discriminative and wholly just, and the weekly is a perfect compendium of information to the literary and artistic worker or student. How so much can be furnished for so little is a constant wonder to one who intently peruses *The Critic* on its weekly appearance."



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Hail to poets! Good poets, real poets, with a swig of wine and a lit of rhyme and sound hearts beneath their unulating ribs. Who would have thought that good fellowship and the free air of heaven could fan such fancies as these into a right merry woodland blaze in times when satyrs and hamadryads lie hid under the dead willows waiting till great Pan shall come again? NEW YORK TIMES.

69 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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### QUESTIONS

1827.—In the first introduction to Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säklingen" there is a reference to the "tragic poet" in Pompeii. Appletons' Cyclopaedia gives, under Pompeii, a cut of "the house of the tragic poet restored." Is it known to whom reference is made? I have been unable to get any clue to his identity.

HELENA, MONT.

H.

[The house was so called from two representations found in it—a painting of a poet reading (or, as some think, Admetus and Alcestis) and a mosaic of a theatrical rehearsal. Bulwer, in "The Last Days of Pompeii," makes this house the dwelling of Glaucus. On the threshold was the mosaic of a dog, with the motto "Cave canem," now in the museum at Naples, together with the painting mentioned above and others of scenes in the "Iliad." It is one of the most elegant houses in Pompeii. No name of the owner appears anywhere about it. Only a few of the houses in Pompeii have inscriptions indicating to whom they belonged—Marcus Lucretius, Marcus Osellinus, Lucius Cæcilius Jucundus and others.]

## Publications Received

Black, Clementina. The Princess Désirée. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.  
Brooks, Francis. Margins. 75c. Chicago: Searle & Gorton.  
Bull, Prescott B. Virginia Maud's Birthday Party. Grand Rapids: Michigan Trust Co.  
Gallier, Adolphe. The Majestic Family Cook Book. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Goethe's Iphigénie. Ed. by L. A. Rhoades. 70c. D. C. Heath & Co.  
Grosbeck, Telford. The Incas. \$2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Hennig, A. Timopht. 35c. Brentano's.  
Lorimer, Geo. C. Messages of To-Day to the Men of To-Morrow. \$1.50. Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.  
Lutter, G. Frühlingzeit. 70c. Brentano's.  
Mead Irene M. The English Language and its Grammar. Silver, Burdett & Co.  
Monroe, Harriet. John Wellborn Root. \$5. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Oppenheim, M. A History of the Administration of the Royal Navy and of Merchant Shipping in Relation to the Navy. Vol. 1. \$6. John Lane.  
Peck, Hedley. The Chariot of the Flesh. \$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.  
Perkins, Charles A. Outlines of Electricity and Magnetism. \$1.10. Henry Holt & Co.  
Poems of Ossian. Tr. by James Macpherson. Edinburgh: P. Geddes.  
Price, L. L. Economic Science and Practice. 6s. London: Methuen & Co.  
Putnam, George Haven. Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages. Vol. 2. The Middle Ages. Vol. 2. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
London: Methuen & Co.  
Racine's Iphigénie. Ed. by B. D. Woodward. 60c. American Book Co.  
Read, Ople. An Arkansas Planter. Rand, McNally & Co.  
Stuart, Ruth McEury. Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets. Harper & Bros.  
Wellesley Lyrics. Chosen and Published by Cordelia C. Nevers. Brentano's.  
Wotho, Anny. Bilde den Geist.  
Wundt, Wilhelm. Outlines of Psychology. Tr. by C. H. Judd. \$1.75. New York: G. E. Stechert.

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29 West 23d Street, - - New York.



# Scribner's Magazine

for January makes its appearance in an entirely new and attractive font of type. In this issue is begun the most extensive and interesting programme which it has ever been the good fortune of this magazine to promise its readers.

## Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune."

is the first considerable novel he has written. The hero is a young American engineer in South America, and the story is full of incident and adventure. It is illustrated by C. D. Gibson and will be complete in six instalments.

## "The Conduct of Great Businesses."

The first of this unique series of articles is begun in this number by an article on "The Department Store." It is the purpose of this series not to give statistics but to show the part men's brains play in originating, organizing, developing, and successfully carrying forward great business enterprises.

To be followed by others upon the management of the great *hotel*, that of a typical great *manufactory*, and the conduct of a *bank*, etc.

## "Victor Hugo's Home at Guernsey."

is picturesquely described by Jeannot, the great French illustrator, who, with the poet's grandson, recently visited it for this purpose. The illustrations are from Jeannot's own sketches.

## An Eye-Witness's Account of Recent Armenian Massacres.

Here, for the first time in detail, is given a thoroughly trustworthy account of the slaughter of over 4,000 Armenians in Constantinople last August.

## "Thackeray's Haunts and Homes."

are described by his secretary, Eyre Crowe, and illustrated with many original drawings.

## The Short Stories.

There is a rousing good sea story by John R. Spears, entitled "Story of a Second Mate"; also an amusing episode by Henry G. Paine, entitled "The Bashfulness of Bodley," with illustrations by the late C. S. Reinhart.

## "Scenes from Great Novels."

Beginning with this number and continuing through the year the frontispieces will present scenes from the world's greatest novels. The January number gives Raven Hill's idea of "Mr. Micawber's Gauntlet," engraved by Florian.

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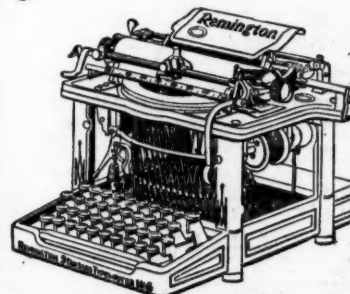
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